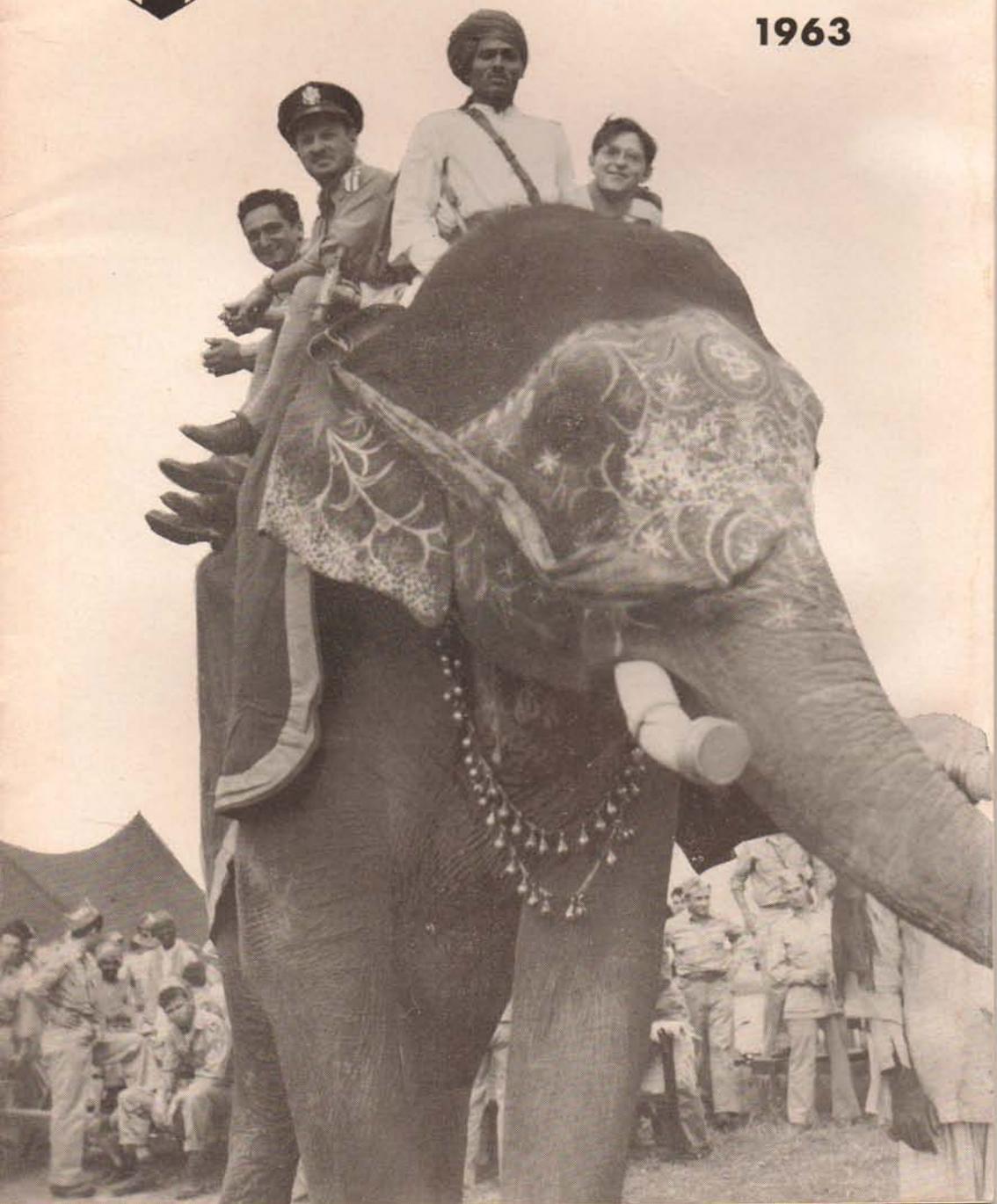




# *Ex-CBI Roundup*

— CHINA — BURMA — INDIA —

MAY  
1963





TEMPLE in a Calcutta park, with statue of Buddha in foreground. Photo by Gordon Smock and Wm. S. Johnson.

# EX-CBI ROUNDUP

CHINA-BURMA-INDIA

Vol. 17, No. 5

May, 1963

Ex-CBI ROUNDUP, established 1946, is a reminiscing magazine published monthly except AUGUST and SEPTEMBER at 117 South Third Street, Laurens, Iowa, by and for former members of U. S. Units stationed in the China-Burma-India Theater during World War II. Ex-CBI Roundup is the official publication of the China-Burma-India Veterans Association.

Neil L. Maurer **Editor**

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John Felts **Photo Editor**

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## Ex-CBI Roundup

P. O. Box 125

Laurens, Iowa

## Letter FROM The Editor . . .

• A number of readers have called our attention to a recent release of the syndicated Virgil Partch cartoon, "Big George!" It shows the familiar Big George attired in jungle hat, bush jacket with CBI patch, and shorts . . . carrying a machete. He's rolling up his sleeve, has a determined look on his face, and is striding into a bathroom hung full of ladies' hose, slips, girdles and various other items. The caption: "The jungles of Burma couldn't stop George Filstrup—and neither will this bathroom!"

• Wonder how many others who met the problems of CBI have been faced with a situation similar to that of Big George!

• This month's cover shows elephant loaned to Ondal base by the Maharajah, with base personnel enjoying a ride. Photo by Charles Fram.

• Only a few more weeks to go before the 1963 CBI reunion in Milwaukee . . . it's scheduled for July, 31, Aug. 1-3. This promises to be a **really** big one, so we suggest you make plans now to be there. Bring the family and have a vacation you won't soon forget!

• Several hundred new subscribers have been added to the Roundup mailing list as the result of a recent mailing. Welcome to all . . . we hope you enjoy the magazine!



## No. 1 Again

• Am happy to report that the first Iowan to pay national and state CBIVA dues this year is Harold Connor of West Union. I know for sure that this is six years in a row that Sahib Connor has paid dues, although he has never been able to attend a basha meeting or a national reunion. He's a druggist and served with SACO, Naval Intelligence, in CBI. Too bad we can't find more loyal CBI vets like him around the country. Also have just received notice that Dr. G. A. Sywassink of Muscatine, Iowa, died in February. Perhaps some Roundup readers remember serving with him in CBI. Would also like to mention that two more Iowans have just joined CBIVA this year for the first time. They are Joe Gaeta, beer distributor in Muscatine, and Carlton Jacobson, garage owner at Waterville.

RAY ALDERSON,  
Dubuque, Iowa



YOUNG CHINA in 1945.  
Photo by Ben F. Brannon.



ELEPHANTS used for heavy work in India plod slowly homeward after a hard day. Photo by Paul Jeffries.

**2nd Troop Carrier**

• Were I to learn that life could go on without the Roundup, my credulity would be taxed beyond all comprehension. Fondest regards to all former members of the 2nd Troop Carrier Squadron.

CLINTON LITCHFIELD,  
Stamford, Conn.

**Iowa Basha Elects**

• Harold A. Hawk of Waterloo was elected the new Iowa State Basha commander at the spring meeting of the Iowa group in Marshalltown on April 21. Sahib Hawk served in CBI with the 3362nd Signal Service Battalion, and is one of the charter members of the Iowa basha. He had previously been basha chaplain, historian and adjutant, and was on the 1960 national reunion committee. Other new officers elected are August A. Graff of Waterloo, vice commander; Jesse Dunaway of Davenport, sergeant at arms; Neil Maurer of Laurens, public relations; and Ben Hopkins of Montezuma, Ray Prickett of Indianola and Melvin Ritze of Alburnett, board of directors. Reelected were Len Abels of Des Moines, judge advocate; Charles Bloom of Ottumwa, chaplain; Hazel Hawk of Water-

loo, historian; and Ray Alderson of Dubuque, adjutant. Seventy-five sahibs and memsahibs feasted on the delicious meals served at the Towne House restaurant. There was a dance and a bowling party. Robert Fink of Tripoli won the men's high game and series while Mrs. Ben Hopkins won the women's high game and series. Movies of the 1960 national reunion in Cedar Rapids, taken by George Baker of the Delaware Valley Basha, were shown.

RAY ALDERSON,  
Dubuque, Iowa

**Hong Kong Greetings**

• Hello CBIers from Hong Kong! Enjoying a sightseeing trip, combining Japan and Hong Kong. On a shopping spree with a couple of friends, going wild with excitement that I haven't experienced since the days of '45. Hong Kong is a bustling city, where shop keepers are eager, friendly and ready to serve and sell to you as long as the money lasts. The varied scents of '45 still linger along the busy streets, to remind me of the old days of China. I have to say Hong Kong is an exciting city of contrasts. From the high hills at night the lights can be viewed, as they form a beautiful jewel. It's a sight for the privileged eye to behold—well worth making the trip!

MAE BISSELL,  
Jr. Vice Cmdr. West,  
Oakland, Calif.

**490th Bomb Squadron**

• Have been waiting for years to see some names from the 490th Bomb Squadron. Would enjoy hearing from anyone, especially grease monkeys from the line as my job was mechanic and propeller repair.

KEN SHUGART,  
11148 West Bay Shore,  
Traverse City, Mich.



THREE LIEUTENANTS of the 102nd Chemical Processing Company have a morning visit outside one of the basahs at Ledo. Photo by Myron L. Mills.

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**John Norton Christie**

• This is to report the death on 17 March of my father, John Norton Christie, 60, of Jacksonville, Fla. A part of his life he was most proud of was his service in CBI. He was captain and major with the Corps of Engineers from February 1944 to October 1945 as engineer officer, Pipeline Section, Advance Section, India-Burma Theatre; and was responsible for design and construction of 1,000-mile military pipeline with necessary tank farms, pump stations, etc., through India, Burma and China in association with the Ledo Road. During the majority of such service he was stationed in Ledo, Assam, India. His records further indicate many commendations from his superiors for a job well done, including the Army Commendation Ribbon. My father returned to his former job as Southeastern Regional Engineer, Sun Oil Co., Jacksonville. He re-

mained in the active reserve and attained the rank of lieutenant colonel, with which he retired on 27 January 1963. He had been ill with cancer for nearly three years. I know he had fond memories of his CBI friends and days, as that was a prominent part of his conversation even his last few days. He also cherished the Roundup, and a recent copy was the last thing he was able to read.

JOHN N. CHRISTIE, Jr.  
Capt., MC, USA  
Fort Gordon, Ga.

**3105th Signal**

• Would like to hear from any of my buddies from the 3105th Signal Battalion. I have watched every issue hoping to see pictures, articles or notes from anyone who worked on the telephone line that ran adjacent to the pipeline from Calcutta to Kunming.

ED KAVANAUGH,  
308 S. Clinton St.,  
Albion, N. Y.

**Builds Eye Clinic**

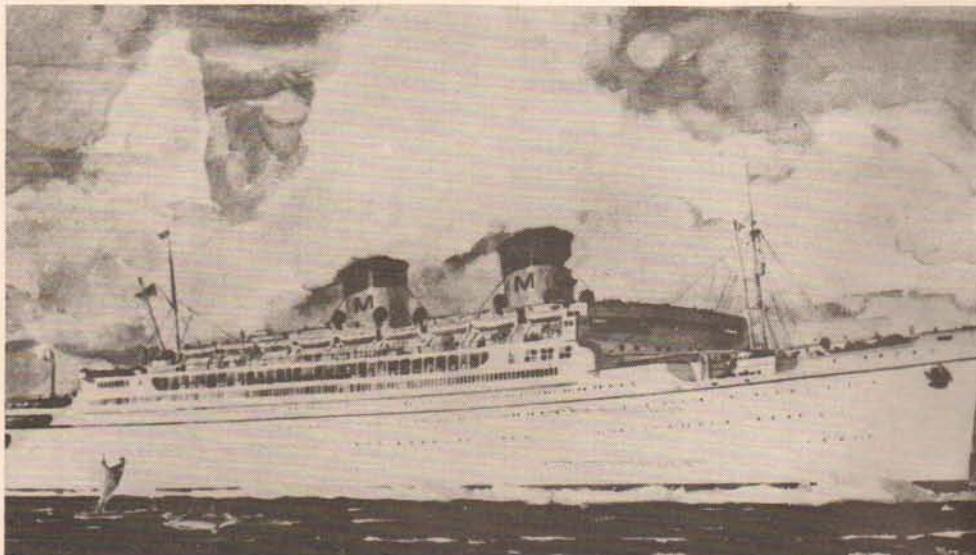
• Dr. Morris Kaplan of Denver, who was with the Medical Air Evacuation in Assam, and who made the world tour "Pilgrimage to India" with his wife in 1955, has been doing his bit for the State Department in recent years. He is a colonel in the Air Force Reserve. Last year Dr. Kaplan—an eye specialist—went to a small Pacific island and, under the auspices of the State Department, built an eye clinic. I believe he has done some similar work elsewhere in the world. Now he has left with his wife for Algiers, where he will also build a new eye clinic.

PAUL BURGE,  
Ft. Worth, Texas

**Served at Karachi**

• My husband was in and around Karachi in 1945. We enjoy the Ex-CBI Roundup.

MRS. DRURY PHEBUS,  
Baker, Mont.



SHIPS ON THE C.B.I. RUN . . . No. 17 in a Series

Another of the many ships that carried troops to and from CBI was the S.S. Mariposa, shown above. On one of these trips she left Charleston, S. C., on May 28, 1942, and arrived at Karachi, India, on July 25. The ship was 628 feet long, 78 feet wide. Photo by Willard H. Thelen.

# Watch Those Jinns

BY RICHARD A. WELFLE, S. J.

It was just growing dusk. I had finished supper, and was sitting out on the verandah of the mission bungalow, making the most of a slight evening breeze after a scorching hot day. Suddenly I was put on my guard by a confusion of voices and commotion out in front of the compound gate. Then, as the gate banged open, a group of men dashed through, and came straight for the bungalow at the double quick. Thinking that my hour for martyrdom had struck, I rolled my eyes heavenwards, and waited for the end.

But, just as I was breathing a prayer of pardon for my assassins, I thought I recognized the voice of Gerardo. Now I knew that Gerardo, although a Christian, was capable of many things not in conformity with the Christian code. Still, I felt pretty sure that he would not go so far as to take the life of his poor padre. So the vision of martyrdom vanished, and with a feeling of disappointment I brought my eyes back to earth again. Looking over the crowd before me, I saw that all of them were men from the Christian village. And one of them, Lucas by name, appeared to be a prisoner. His hands were bound with a rope behind his back.

"Now what?" I asked. And I was rather gruff, for I was still annoyed at having been cheated of my martyr's crown. Besides it was pretty clear that some fresh mischief had been perpetrated. I was surprised, however, that Lucas should be implicated, for he was inclined to be a kind, peace-loving man.

"Father," charged Gerardo, breathing fire and brimstone, "he's been throwing stones on the roof of my house. Half of the tiles are broken, and . . ."

"Gerardo," I interrupted. "Untie that rope. Release Lucas."

"But, Father, he . . ."

"Release him!"

Suddenly Gerardo obeyed.

"Now, how do you know who threw those stones? Did you see Lucas do it?"

"No. But he admits it."

"Is that true, Lucas? Did you throw the stones?"

"No, Father. Of course not. I only said I did, because Gerardo is a big bully and I was afraid he'd hammer me, if I denied it."

At this point the proceedings were thrown completely out of gear by Gerardo's son, a boy of fifteen, who came run-

ning up all out of breath, to report that another stone had just fallen. Everyone, of course, was duly impressed by this hot bit of news. And I made a hasty observation. In fact, I arrived at the deduction so swiftly and shrewdly that Hawkshaw would surely have been proud of me. "Gerardo," I said. "Since Lucas was right here in our midst when this last stone fell on your roof, that makes it pretty clear that he is not the culprit, doesn't it?"

Without making any attempt to answer, Gerardo simply turned and walked away, pouting. And the others followed. Then I, thinking that the incident had now been consigned to the limbo of oblivion, strolled over to the church to say some prayers before turning in for my night's repose.

Next morning I had just finished my thanksgiving after Mass when an exhilarating whiff of freshly made coffee drifted over from the bungalow. Obeying the promptings of the inner man, I was proceeding in the direction of the coffee, when I encountered Gerardo's son, waiting for me just outside the sacristy door.

"Father," he announced, with a kink in his voice, "there were two more stones last night, and another one this morning. My mother says it must be the 'Jinns' at work. And she wants you to come over to the house with holy water to drive them away."

You remember the 'Jinns,' of course. You met them in the 'Arabian Nights.' Only there they were called 'genii,'—those cunning rascals of the spirit world who perpetrated all sorts of pranks, good or bad, just as the occasion demanded. According to Gerardo's wife, they are still carrying on here in India, under the name of 'Jinns.' But with that delicious aroma of coffee in the air, I was not interested in 'Jinns.' So I said to the son of Gerardo: "You go right back home, and tell your mother that it is not the 'Jinns,' but her imagination that is at work."

Then, as I sat down to breakfast, and began to imbibe a cup of coffee, I also began to reminisce. I recalled that when on my way to India many years ago, I visited the Jesuit house in Farm Street, in London, and there I had the pleasure of meeting Father Thurston, S. J. As you know, or do not know, Father Thurston was an authority on spiritism, occultism, and all that sort of thing. He wrote extensively on these subjects. So, when he learned that I was on my way

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to India, he mentioned that stone-throwing was a rather common form of poltergeist in India, and that he would be very grateful if I would report any such case that I might chance to come upon. At the time I had a very foggy notion of what that word 'poltergeist' meant, but anyway I told Father Thurston that I would pickle the first poltergeist I could lay hands on, and send it to him. It was only just now, when I consulted the dictionary for the correct spelling that I learned that the word 'poltergeist' refers to those crazy antics of the spirits when they go on a sort of binge and throw inkpots, upset tables, make weird sounds, and so on.

So, as I was saying, I remembered that Father Thurston had made that request, and although in the meantime he had gone to his eternal reward, still the recollection of the promise I had made seemed to stimulate interest in those Jinns over at Gerardo's house. So, after breakfast, I set out for his place, and was met at the door by Gerardo's wife. I had never met her before, and for some reason she did not impress me very favourably. Of course, after that message I had sent through her boy, I could scarcely blame her for being somewhat frosty.

"Any more trouble with the falling stones?" I asked.

"Well, there's the last one that dropped this morning," she replied rather curtly, indicating a young boulder about five inches in diameter. The others, seven or eight in number, were piled up close by.

"From which direction do they seem to come?"

"They don't seem to come from any direction. They just come. All of a sudden there's a thud, and there's the stone. Almost hit me, that's what it did." Her voice was getting a bit shaky. "It's the Jinns," she whimpered. "You don't believe it, but I know it's the Jinns. Please drive them away with holy water."

She now turned on the tears, and of course I was properly moved by this display of emotion. I mean to say, stronger men than I have quailed before a woman in tears. So I proceeded at once to bless the house, but inwardly I flatly refused to share her unshaken faith in the Jinns.

For the three following days it looked as though the blessing had turned the trick. The Jinns had apparently gone into winter quarters. On the morning of the fourth day, however, Gerardo's son came again to say that there was more trouble. They had moved into another house and the Jinns were cutting up rougher than ever. His mother begged me to come and administer another blessing.

So I went again. This other house into which they had moved was a good distance away at the far end of the village, and it was a frightfully hot morning, but I said to myself that if the Jinns can stick it, so can I. I found Mrs. Gerardo terribly excited. She said that while cooking, the salt cellar was upset by some invisible force, and the ghee was spilled on the floor, and another stone had fallen right inside the house. This one too had almost hit her. I examined the room where it had fallen. There was just one window, with wooden bars only an inch apart, but the stone was at least four inches in diameter. It could not possibly have come through the window. And it could not have been thrown by anyone inside, unless Mrs. Gerardo had hurled it at herself, for she was the only one in the room at the time. It was all very strange, no doubt about it. All the evidence pointed to poltergeist. So I blessed the house once more, hoping fervently that this would be the end of the unpleasant business.

But it wasn't. After a few more days, the boy called me again. And again they had moved to another house. And again the Jinns were hot on the job. This time while cooking, the small earthen stove had exploded right in Mrs. Gerardo's face. And this time no stones had fallen, but rice, and chillies, and a brass mixing bowl had come down. There they all were, strewn on the floor, just where they had fallen. And of course the neighbours had gathered. Everyone was completely awestruck, and there were many sage comments concerning the Jinns. Gerardo himself, much to my amazement,—and suspicion,—claimed that he had experienced this sort of thing before, and he regarded this latest act of the Jinns as a good omen. He was delighted. "You wait and see, Father," he said. "It always turns out this way. First the Jinns send rice and chillies and so on, then the next time rupees will fall. I've told my wife not to worry. Many rupees, much money will come. Just wait and see."

Now, if there is anything that sends my head spinning, it is the mention of money. I resolved that I was going to keep my eyes simply glued on those Jinns from now on. For, if rupees did fall, then all I had to do was to warm up to the Jinns, and all the financial problems of the mission would be solved. So, for the next two days I lived from moment to moment in almost breathless expectation. And sure enough on the third day Gerardo himself came running up to the bungalow to announce the glad tidings.

"Rupees have fallen, Father!" he cried.  
"Many, many!"

"Really?"

"Yes, Father. Just like I said. More than a hundred. Perhaps a hundred and fifty."

"Well now that certainly is luck, isn't it? Gerardo, if you get another shower like that," I said, significantly, "you'll be able to buy a pair of bullocks, and go to work."

He seemed to resent this comment. And I could scarcely blame him, for it was like prodding an exposed nerve. I don't think anyone in the village could remember the last time Gerardo had done a full day's work.

Anyway, I was now more anxious than ever to see if the Jinns would bless him with still another shower of rupees. They did. The very next day. But this time no one from Gerardo's household brought the good news. I had to get it from others. And it wasn't long in coming, for the whole village was in a ferment over this marvelous event. I must confess that I was fairly excited myself. Not that I entertained any hope of the Jinns solving any financial problems of my own, but I was eager to know where those rupees had come from. And such a lot of them! One wild estimate put the figure as high as one thousand. But Gerardo himself said that by actual count the number was only three hundred. A tidy sum at that.

Well, after this second shower of rupees, nothing further happened except that Gerardo, in spite of the kindly treatment from the Jinns in this last house, soon made still another move. This time he left the village completely. And no one seemed to know where he went. Then, as the days passed, the excitement subsided, and soon the episode was forgotten.

But not by me. The mystery of where those rupees had come from kept clamoring for a solution. Often I went over the incidents step by step, and tried to arrive at some natural explanation. I stubbornly refused to accept the intervention of the Jinns. Not even poltergeists could satisfy me. But my efforts always came to naught. The rain of rupees remained a baffling enigma.

Then one morning, a month or so later, my good friend Jonathan came to visit me. He had just returned from the jungle up on the border of Nepal. Jonathan was a wheelwright by trade, and every year he went up to the jungle to cut his year's supply of wood. On these occasions he would be away for two or three months at a stretch. And during that time his house was unoccupied, for he had no family. His wife had died shortly after

their marriage, and, being a man of rare prudence, Jonathan had never taken another.

So I greeted Jonathan enthusiastically, told him how happy I was to see him again, enquired about his health, and carried on in that strain quite rapturously. But Jonathan did not seem to enter into the spirit of the thing. He appeared to be worried.

"Is there something troubling you, Jonathan?" I asked, with genuine solicitude.

"Yes, Father," he replied, dejectedly, "there is."

"Well, out with it! Let's see if we can't do something about it. What has happened?"

"Father, I've been robbed."

"Robbed? When?"

"While I was away. Someone got into my house, and forced open the chest in which I kept my wife's wedding jewelry. And they took a bag of rupees."

I began to scratch my head, and for me this is an infallible sign that the old gray matter has been stirred. It occurred to me that here at last might be the missing link that I had been searching for.

"Jonathan," I said, "do you recall more or less how much money you had in that bag?"

"I know exactly, Father. There were three hundred rupees."

"Well now, that's a coincidence. That's the exact sum I would have guessed. And who lives next door to you, Jonathan?"

"Patrick lives on the right, but the house on the left is vacant."

"And, if I recall correctly, there is just a mud-wall partition separating it from yours, isn't that right? Jonathan, did you know that the house which you thought was vacant was actually occupied for a week or so during your absence?"

"No, Father. By whom?"

"Jonathan, I see that you have not yet had time to gather the news of the village. Many things happened while you were away. For instance, there was the extraordinary bit of good luck that fell to the lot of Gerardo."

Jonathan listened intently while I related the doings of the Jinns, but when I came to the climax of the shower of rupees, he completely lost control of himself.

"The cunning devil!" he exploded. "I'll break his neck."

"Whose neck?"

"Gerardo's. He's a devil. And that wife of his is no better. She's a she-devil."

"But, Jonathan . . ."

"It's perfectly clear, Father. They knew I was away in the jungle, and all this

Jinn business was simply a devilish trick. Just a pretext to keep moving from house to house until they got next to mine. Next to that bag of rupees. Now isn't that true, Father?"

"Jonathan, I must admit there seems to be much in what you say. Nevertheless, much as I sympathize with you, I wouldn't want you to break Gerardo's neck."

"Well, what can I do then?"

"I'm afraid you can only mourn the loss of three hundred rupees. You see,

Jonathan, the Jinns are very clever. They have left no way for you to prove that the rupees which they showered on Gerardo were your rupees. And, even if you could prove that delicate point, there remains the further difficulty that the Jinns belong to the spirit world. And that makes it extremely difficult for a mere mortal to deal with them. So, as I say, it looks as though you can only check this up to experience, Jonathan. But for the future, if I may offer a kind word of advice, I would say: Watch those Jinns!"

—THE END

## Cholera, Smallpox Raging in Calcutta

From *The Calcutta Statesman*  
(April 27, 1963)

Already afflicted with a smallpox epidemic, Calcutta is now also in the grip of an epidemic of cholera unusual at this time of the year. Never since 1950 have the two diseases simultaneously raged in such virulent form in the city. On one day, 119 suspected cholera and seven smallpox cases were admitted to hospital from different parts of Calcutta.

The seriousness of the situation is underlined by the fact that from January 1 to April 14 there were 563 cholera attacks and 235 deaths against 178 attacks and 40 deaths during the corresponding period last year.

That the State Government has been caught unawares by the cholera epidemic is apparent from its failure so far to issue any directive to the Corporation on measures to control the disease. Usually the Government issues such a directive prior to the outbreak of the disease in epidemic form. A paper containing the directive was signed by a senior officer of the department concerned about a fortnight ago, but it has apparently been gathering dust elsewhere in Writers Building.

Signs of complacency on the part of the Corporation's Standing Health Committee are also evident. About two months ago the Government asked the committee to furnish it with certain details about the total number of tubewells sunk and resunk and other matters. But the reply is still awaited.

Rudely shaken by the heavy cholera mortality figures, officials of the Government's Health Department and the Corporation's Health authorities met to review the position.

Meanwhile, all the factors usually associated with the spread of the disease—sale of exposed food, unfiltered water supply, open drains, service privies, flies

and garbage accumulation—are visible in many parts of the city. Although garbage accumulation this year is appreciably less than last year, the clearance in Calcutta as a whole has in recent weeks somewhat slowed down because of intensified bustee cleansing work.

The emphasis on garbage clearance in bustee areas in certain localities of eastern and western Calcutta is an indication of the Corporation's efforts to adjust its anti-cholera measures in accordance with a W.H.O. expert's recommendations. Cholera, according to the expert, spreads from certain potholes in the city's eastern and western areas.

But because of its preoccupation with smallpox, the Corporation has been two months behind schedule in implementing the expert's recommendation to control the fly menace. Emboldened by the successful experiment with what is known as the fly chord system, in the College Street Market and Maniktala, it has decided to extend the system to 30 markets. In addition all the dumping grounds will be sprayed with insecticides.

Two other new steps taken by the Corporation—laying of pipes for distribution of water from big tubewells and empowering conservancy overseers and sub-overseers to seize exposed food—have a bearing on the anti-cholera campaign.

While problems of water-supply, sewerage and service privies can only be effectively tackled on a long-term basis, the most that the people can do for the time being is to get themselves inoculated as early as possible and refrain from drinking unboiled or unfiltered water.

An examination of samples of unfiltered water has, according to an expert, shown that cholera germs are very active in it during the summer, the usual season for spread of the disease.



We  
Welcome  
Your  
Return

## Hotel Schroeder Milwaukee

July 31 – August 3, 1963

EDITED BY THE  
INFORMATION &  
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—7TH PTS—

On The

# GROUND GLASS

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ISSUE NO. 2

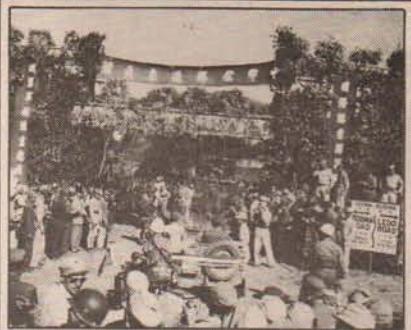
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21 MARCH 1945

## THE ROAD IS OPEN! RENAMED IN HONOR OF GEN. J.W. STILWELL



RIGHT—OUR  
FIRST CONVOY  
ENTERS CHINA  
FEBRUARY 1945



LEFT—MARCH 1944  
GLIDER-INVASION  
BRIEFING BY COL.  
FLIP (TERRY) and  
the  
PIRATES COCHRAN

## BASEBALL IN BENGAL



Jap  
BUNKERS  
AT AKYAB



SECOND OF A SERIES of picture layouts by the 7th Photo Tech. Sq. to be presented in Ex-CBI Roundup is this "Issue No. 2" dated March 21, 1945. The Ground Glass was a voluntary effort to give members of the squadron mementoes of their tour of duty. These layouts used through courtesy of Gordon Smock and Wm. S. Johnson.

# Chinese Reds Tightening Screws Again?

By LAUREN SOTH

(Editor of The Des Moines Register and Tribune Editorial Pages)

HONG KONG—The fanatic Communist leaders of China apparently are beginning to tighten the screws of doctrinal rigidity once more after having tolerated a reversal of economic policies following the disastrous failure of the "Great Leap Forward" of 1958.

This is the judgment of Chinese intelligence experts here who constantly review and monitor the Red Chinese press, radio and other means of communication, including interviews of stragglers from the mainland.

Since Peking seldom publishes figures or direct reports of conditions, the analysts must make their estimates by reading between the lines of official directives and by drawing inferences from newspaper articles and refugee statements.

In recent weeks these fragments have pointed toward a return to the pure Communist theories of the aging revolutionaries who direct affairs in Peking.

Mao Tse-tung, China's father figure of the revolution, who is frequently reported to be stepping aside, sick or shunted to the rear, is believed to be still in firm command by experts here.

It appears that he may have turned more control over foreign affairs to Premier Chou En-lai, including the Indian border war. But Mao is taking the helm in the domestic economic program which is a matter of life and death to the regime.

The Great Leap Forward was a monumental failure, as the whole world knows and as the regime has not tried to deny. In 1958, the entire Chinese countryside, with about 600 million people, was suddenly and brutally herded into about 26,000 communes, upsetting all patterns of farm production and social life. This probably was the most radical social and economic change ever attempted anywhere in the world, as the Communists claimed.

About 750,000 collective farms were disbanded to form the 26,000 communes. This was an extreme effort by Peking to make use of its greatest resource, labor. But in trying to deal with human beings as mere economic factors of production, the regime nearly precipitated a collapse.

The 115 million peasant families were divorced from their land and mobilized into labor gangs. A brigade might work

on one field one week and another the next; all incentive to produce and to maintain the tilth and fertility of the soil was lost. Food production dropped sharply. At first, in 1958, and 1959, the consumption of meat rose—a reflection of the peasants' unwillingness to keep livestock under the commune system. This is similar to what happened in Russia in the 1930s, when Stalin collectivized agriculture.

The economic planners in Peking were slow to discover that something was going wrong. Statistical reporting was one of the casualties of the leap forward, and the central government couldn't tell what was happening.

But in late 1959 the regime awoke to the disaster it had on its hands. The commune system combined with poor weather virtually had China on its economic back. Starvation loomed.

It must be said that once Mao and his associates became fully aware of the crisis they acted with courage and decisiveness. One U.S. official here said the speed and vigor of the government's response to the crisis were "positively brilliant."

Despite their religious zeal for "pure" Communist doctrine, the leaders abandoned the commune system, drastically reorganizing the countryside again—this time back toward the traditional farm system. About three million "production teams" were formed. These are similar to the co-operatives or collectives that existed before.

Production teams are responsible for a certain area of land and can improve their own living by working hard, using fertilizer properly and husbanding the soil and livestock. Perhaps even more important than the reorganization was the new dispensation from Peking in 1960 permitting peasant families to have their own private plots of land. In the summer of 1961 families were allowed to own sows and poultry flocks. The "dormitory living" of the communes was abandoned.

At the same time, the government met the emergency shortage of grain by using scarce foreign exchange to buy grain from Canada, Australia, some European countries and anywhere it could make a deal. It is believed in this intelligence center that the regime was able to supply one-third the needs of city people (including the army) by imports. The cost of this operation in the last couple of years has been in the neighborhood of

\$1 billion, including transportation charges.

This has shrunk the imports of industrial machinery and other goods desperately needed for economic development. With the sharp cut in aid from the Soviet Union, which never was very large, the Peking government has been hard put to it to make ends meet.

It has been forced to hold back on industrialization and has been placing primary emphasis on farming. Apparently the Mao regime has learned its lesson that industrial development must follow farm development—a lesson not too well learned in some other underdeveloped countries.

The striking changeover in economic policy since 1959 is worth some attention by the outside world. This shows the capacity of the Chinese Reds to subordinate theory to practice, to back track, to admit error. Official propaganda even now does not try to place the entire blame for the food shortages on weather but acknowledges "mistakes" in planning and management were "primary" factors.

Admitting mistakes and reversing policies, however, should not be viewed as evidence that the Reds have dropped their long-run goals. Observers here believe that they detect a new tone of confidence now in official Peking pronouncements—a sign of assurance that the crisis has been met and that there will be a long run for Communism in China.

The regime is beginning to sound the call for socialist purity again. Recently, Peking expressed displeasure about the peasants displaying "spontaneous tendencies toward capitalism." There are signs that the "neo-capitalist" free markets may be under attack again.

It was the private plots, coupled with the "trade fairs" or free markets, which bailed Red China out of the Great Leap Forward debacle. Yet already the Peking doctrinaires are starting to complain about these "signs of capitalism."

Economic observers here would not be surprised if the Mao Tse-tung government should once more go back toward dogmatic Communism in farming, especially if the 1963 crop is favorable and the rulers think they can risk another dose of Marxist medicine.

There are no signs, however, that the Chinese will make the same mistake of trying to build factories and power plants too rapidly again. They seem to be convinced that they must build up the productivity of agriculture first.

They are now saying that "agriculture is the foundation and industry the leading factor" in economic progress. This may sound contradictory, but apparently

it means industry must be geared to agricultural development—by producing more chemical fertilizer, farm machinery, etc.

In short, there are no short cuts invented by Communism to economic development of a country with 600 million people (out of a national total of 700 million) living off the land. Communist Russia again and again has made the mistake of trying to modernize agriculture by organization and reorganization. But without the necessary capital investment and the scientific research and education to make its use effective, agriculture cannot make progress under any system.

The Chinese Reds are so convinced of their own moral superiority and of their mission in the world that it is doubtful they can refrain from periodic attempts to impose a Communistic agricultural system on the peasants. There is a let-up in the drive now, but the war against the peasant will go on.

—THE END

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# The Ledo Road Is American

From CBI Roundup, November 1944

By PVT. JOHN McDOWELL

The Ledo Road is as American as a hot dog with mustard or a stolen kiss at the Junior Prom.

I have just completed a trip up the Road, from its terminus at the tiny, dingy bazaar of Ledo, Assam, far into the matted jungles of Burma where powerful bulldozers operated by sweating, swearing Americans, colored and white, are blasting the highway on through the wilderness toward China.

The Road is a single, minute thread of modern America almost lost in the vast green tapestry of a dim, primordial world which, for countless centuries has afforded the elephant and tiger and devil-tormented aborigine a refuge from the encroaching tides of civilization.

But, despite the dank, dense vegetation of the jungle, the steep, uncharted mountains and low, steaming swamplands—despite month-long monsoon downpours, mud and disease—the American soldier has transplanted the spirit of his homeland in this remote corner of the world.

When I made my first trip up the Ledo Road months ago, it was little more than a rough combat trace. Its course through the precipitous Patkai Mountains of Burma was highlighted by hundreds of breath-taking, hairpin curves and narrow, wooden bridges over turbulent mountain streams.

But today great changes are evident. The Ledo Road, day by day, is becoming a modern American highway. New fills and cuts are being made, shortening the road and eliminating the bad curves. Rock crushers operate day and night as maintenance crews surface the Road with layer after layer of crushed rock taken from the mountain streambeds by dredges and draglines.

Sheer walls of earth which tower ominously above the road in many places, constituting an ever-present threat of landslide-created road blocks, are being dynamited back from the roadway and thousands of tons of mountain-side are being hauled away by long queues of dump trucks and squat carryalls.

Temporary wooden bridges have been replaced practically 100 per cent by steel structures. Recently, installation of Bailey Bridges—the latest design in military stream-crossing equipment—has been instituted.

In the Upper Hukawng and Mogaung valleys I discovered that during the past monsoon—the heaviest in recent years—Services of Supply troops had accomplished the impossible in the movement of heavy equipment into the forward areas of the Road.

Here they had assembled vast backlog of bulldozers, road graders, carryalls, steam shovels, steam rollers, mobile machine shops, generators, ponton equipment, steel bridge sections, rock crushers, culvert and all the other myriad pieces of equipment which would be needed to push the Ledo Road on south into Burma and across to China with the advent of the dry season.

The fact that all this gargantuan engineering equipment had been brought over slender, and sometimes primitive, supply lines 14,000 miles from Engineer Depots in the United States was amazing. But even more unbelievable was the fact that American soldiers, working night and day during torrential rains and battling mud and jungle and disease, had assembled this vital equipment at the point of the Road, where it would be ready for instant use when the rains ended. The job these unknown and unsung heroes accomplished has easily knocked several months off the time required for the final link-up of the Ledo and Burma Roads.

Today, American Engineers, working side by side with Chinese engineers, are pushing the Ledo Road through a swampy section of North Burma. It is a tough job. Topographical profiles have to be worked out painstakingly, for drainage is the big problem in this area.

Up ahead of the bulldozers and road graders are the demolition crews—veteran Negro Engineers who handle the "hot stuff" with incredible nonchalance. These men are blasting a path through the jungle for the heavy equipment, following a course determined by survey parties which work still farther ahead.

And, skirting the trace, Chinese engineers have constructed a corduroy road, built of timbers which have been hewn by hand. This wooden road makes it possible for trucks to carry supplies and equipment into the jungle to the men who are working far ahead of the passable portion of the new roadbed.

Up forward on the trace, I found a crew of Chinese and American Engineers laying two sections of 36-inch culvert. I stopped and talked with Maj. E. M.

Johnson, of Pueblo, Colo., who is working out of Road Headquarters. When I asked him how the Chinese were doing, he replied:

"They're hot. They've got lots of the old American urge to break production records. Yesterday this same gang installed a section of 72-inch culvert in 10 hours—a job which normally requires at least two days."

Nearby, a stocky Chinese wrestled a heavy section of culvert into place, wiped the perspiration from his face and grinned the inevitable, "Ding-how, Joe."

M/Sgt. A. O. Anderson, of Chicago, and T/5 John J. Tanchyn, of Scranton, Pa., who were supervising the laying of the culvert, said that the Chinese were excellent workers whenever Americans took the time to explain the details of a job.

Predominant as the spirit of America is in the engineering feats being accomplished in the jungles of Burma, it is even more apparent in the men who are working on the Road.

I stopped for dinner at an evacuation hospital tucked away among a grove of hollong trees at the foot of the purple Patkai Mountains. After dining on Spanish omelette a la powdered eggs, I lingered long enough to watch a few innings of a ball game being played on a diamond which the hospital personnel had cleared and levelled from virgin jungle territory. A rabid crowd of fans, including numerous Chinese patients, hurled insults at the umpire in the best-approved Flatbush fashion.

Everywhere along the Road, the G.I.'s had provided for athletic activity. Basketball and volleyball courts were the most numerous. At one place, a lusty gang of American soldiers was indulging in a fast game of volleyball on a court built between two tents on a windswept knoll overlooking a deep gorge. At a camp which some weary Engineer, with the typical G.I.'s grim sense of humor, had dubbed "Camp Neverest," two men were playing horseshoes beside the Road while several kibitzers sprawled on the ground nearby.

At Shingbwiyang, on the edge of the Hukawng Valley, I went to the Metz Theater—named after a soldier who was killed by a Jap land mine when the fighting was raging near this Northern Burma outpost last January.

Five American girls were putting on a USO show for the troops. The natural amphitheater in which the movie is located was crowded to overflowing. And, when the girls staged a jitterbug contest on the stage with contestants selected from the audience, the crowd picked a small, nimble chap with a conspicuous bald pate as the winner. His award was

a kiss—not one of those casual pecks on the cheek, but a long, lusty bit of osculation. The crowd roared its approval.

Pfc. Henry M. Jokob, working as a cook at officers' mess in Shingbwiyang, typifies the versatility of the American soldier. He arrived in Ledo with a Quartermaster outfit 22 months ago and was put into a newly-formed air-dropping unit. He completed 250 combat flying hours in the early days when air-dropping was a grim business, and for that service he was awarded the Air Medal.

Leaving air-dropping, he served as an MP, then volunteered for a special experiment which resulted in the Soldiers' Medal. Later, he served as a truck driver on the Ledo Road.

Life for the G.I. pushing the point through the jungles of Burma is a transient affair. The men set up camp, work for a few days in one area, then break camp—usually at night after finishing work—and move forward again. This goes on, week after week, during the dry season when the Road moves forward approximately two miles a day.

But still the men manage to retain a vestige of the niceties of the civilization they have left behind. One outfit has made portable wooden bunks with rubber springs fashioned from worn-out inner tubes. Another has a portable washing machine. In one camp, near the point of the Road, I saw a sign reading "Joe's Tonsorial Palace." Inside the tent, I found a barber's chair made from a heterogeneous collection of odds and ends. The outfit had carried the chair from one camp to another for over a year.

Another unit has a portable kitchen, mounted on a 6x6 truck, enabling the men to have warm meals even when the outfit is on the move. And one enterprising G.I. has set up a dice table in his quarters, supplemented by an antiquated slot machine which can be played with one-quarter rupee coins. At present, the dice table is gathering cobwebs, for "the house" was taken for 4,800 rupees one night in a big game which has become legendary up and down the Ledo Road.

And thirsty G.I.'s with parched palates have devised sundry ingenious stills which turn out such potent juices as "raisin-jack" and "cherry-squeezins."

As one G.I. remarked, as we watched a coolie leaning on a shovel beside the Road humming his Indian version of Pistol Packin' Mama which some American soldier had taught him:

"People back home worry about us G.I.'s in the jungle going native. Hell, it's just the opposite. The natives are going American!"

—THE END

# King Declares War on Tigers

(North American Newspaper Alliance)

BOMBAY, INDIA—From his ornate, wood-paneled office chamber in the royal palace at Kathmandu, King Mahendra Bikram Shah Deva of Nepal currently is directing a taxing but a rather unusual operation for a monarch.

It is the war against man-eating tigers that have spread panic and desolation in the western districts of the sprawling Himalayan kingdom.

In the past year a single tigress with her two ferocious cubs has killed some 100 villagers in the Dhangarhi area of Nepal, according to press reports in Kathmandu and New Delhi.

A Calcutta daily stated that between November, 1961, and January of this year man-eating tigers along the India-Nepal border accounted for 350 persons, including 150 women and 100 children.

When King Mahendra was on a royal hunt recently he received several petitions from his subjects pleading for firm governmental action against the marauding animals. He himself helped to "bag" six of them.

On returning to Kathmandu, the capital, he has now taken over direct charge of the anti-tiger operations.

Some 2,000 people led by a dozen top-ranking police and forest officers have been pressed into the job. The king has reportedly told them that they should be able to restore normal conditions in the panic-stricken areas by the time the monsoon begins in June-July. Heavy rains and slush then will make the tracking work almost impossible.

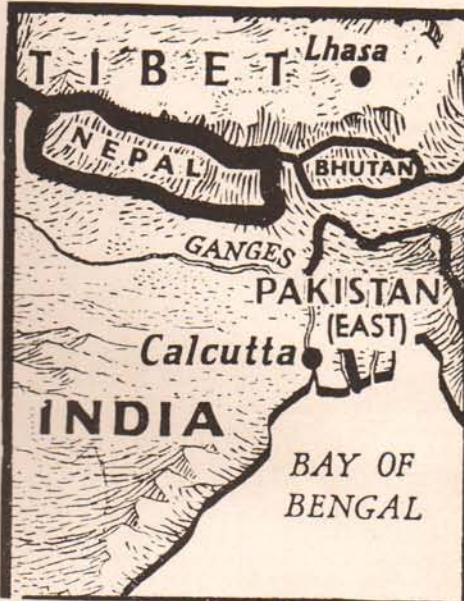
## 300 Elephants

About 300 elephants are being used to "beat out" the killers. In one "beat" last week a group of 30 tuskers bearing gunners advanced into thick jungles. They were preceded by 500 footmen blowing trumpets and sounding gongs.

Two full-grown tigers, flushed from their hiding places, were shot and the skins were sent to King Mahendra as concrete proof that the operation was yielding results.

Scores of "machans" or observation posts have also been set up on high trees. They are manned round-the-clock.

Farmers who fled their fields in fear are being persuaded to return to cultivation work. According to newspaper accounts, at least four hamlets in the "disturbed" area have been deserted by their inhabitants.



Forest officials of the Indian government are co-operating with their Nepalese counterparts in the difficult task of ridding the hilly region of the wily and ferocious felines.

Normally only aged or wounded tigers become man-eaters. It is easier to hunt down human beings than the quick-footed jungle animals. But there are many recorded instances of tigresses teaching their cubs from infancy to enjoy the taste of human flesh.

## Copter Use Urged

King Mahendra is reported to have assured the people of Dhangarhi that if necessary he would personally visit the area again and set up camp there. Village women have also written to the senior queen of Nepal about the situation.

One newspaper has suggested that both India and Nepal should employ helicopters in the tiger hunt. But Basant Ram, 65-year-old "Shikari" (big game hunter) with more than 100 tiger skins to his credit, thinks that "so far as man-eaters are concerned helicopters will be useless."

"We are up against the most diabolical of jungle guerrillas. Only courage, patience and plenty of guns can do the job," Ram said. —THE END

EX-CBI ROUNDUP



# CBI DATELINE

News dispatches from recent issues  
of The Calcutta Statesman

LUCKNOW—Altogether 1,271 persons were reported to have died of smallpox in Uttar Pradesh in a period of 18 days since the outbreak of the disease in an epidemic form. A total of 4,093 persons were attacked by the disease during this period.

SURAT—A giant sea monster, more than 60 feet in length and seven feet from side to side, was washed ashore near Dumas, 20 kilometres west of here. The monster had three horn-shaped teeth.

RAWALPINDI—Pakistan is to import four steamers from West Germany at a cost of 1,200,000 marks. These vessels will be used to link Chittagong and Noakhali with coastal islands.

KATHMANDU—The Nepalese Government has agreed to a British plan to cut down the strength of the brigade of Gurkhas in the British Army. Under the British plan, the 14,000-strong brigade will be reduced in three years by 4,600. This would mean the reversion to the old strength of the brigade which was raised during the Malayan emergency with the approval of Nepal.

NEW DELHI—An 18-second abbreviation of the National Anthem is proposed to be played at the end of cinema shows in city theatres to inculcate discipline and a sense of national respect among the people.

NEW DELHI—In spite of some increase in the percentage of literacy in the last decade, the actual number of illiterates in the country has increased by about 30 million, it has been reported by Dr. K. L. Shrimali, Union Education Minister. Dr. Shrimali said the increase in the number of illiterates was owing to the increase of about 80 million in the total population during the same period.

DARJEELING—The Government's approval for constructing a tourist lodge here adjoining the Gymkhana Club has now been received and work is expected to commence soon. The lodge, which will cost about Rs 5 lakhs, will have some self-contained suites to be fitted with latest amenities in keeping with the best international standards. All residential rooms will face Kanchenjunga.

KATHMANDU—The Nepalese Government has agreed in principle to the Pakistani proposal to establish a relaying station in Nepal for the purpose of radioing messages between the two wings of Pakistan. Nepal will also be able to utilize the radio link for external use and will thus have a telecommunication link with the outside world. Nepal's sole telecommunication link at present is with India.

CALCUTTA—Studies are being made as to the engineering feasibility of a wide bridge across the Hooghly, planned to be built at a point between Outram Ghat and Prinsep Ghat. Soil samples from as far as 150 feet below the river bed are being drawn out for detailed testing. Examination of these will reveal if the soil is stable enough for a giant eight-lane bridge, its deck 125 feet above the river surface.

CALCUTTA—The existence of powerful "beggar masters" behind organized begging in Calcutta was hinted at a recent meeting of the Vagrancy Board. The attention of members was drawn to the curious fact that the same set of people prayed for bail of vagrants whenever they were arrested. The police also confirm that a group of people repeatedly offer to become guardians of unwanted children picked up from the streets.

CALCUTTA—Field Marshall Viscount Slim, who served the Indian Army for 28 years, and led the 14th Army in Burma during World War II, was recently in Calcutta on a short visit. He is now a member of the Board of ICI Limited, London.

JABALPUR—An Adivasi youth wrestled with a leopard for an hour recently—and won. The youth, whose name is Darbari, was badly mauled but happy to have freed the countryside of a wily and cruel cattle-lifter. He has been promised a Government award. The leopard had sprung upon a calf and its owner, Darbari, attacked the leopard. The deadly contest dragged on in the presence of many villagers but none dared to intervene at first. Eventually two other youths joined in, and one dealt the leopard several blows with an axe. When the fight ended the villagers carried the dead animal and the injured Darbari at the head of a joyous procession to Jabalpur.

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About Roundup

# Hong Kong---City of Contrasts

*This article was written recently in Hong Kong by the publisher of an Iowa daily newspaper, the Davenport Democrat, while on an around-the-world study mission with a newspaper group. Like those which appeared in the March and April issues of Roundup, it was distributed by the Iowa Daily Press Association.*

By HENRY B. HOOK

"What do you think of Hong Kong?" a visitor was asked. "It'll be wonderful when it's finished," was the reply.

They've been "finishing" this fabulous colony since the British took it over in 1842 and, judging from developments on all sides, the end is not in sight.

The glitter of a thousand shiny shops, selling at the lowest prices in the world, makes this a shopper's paradise. New hotels, banks, arcades, factories and apartment houses are going up at a fantastic rate.

Into this great seaport, one of the three best in the world, come 10,000 ocean-going ships a year. A half-million passengers alight annually at the new jet airport which stretches 1½ miles into the bay.

In addition to the enormous volume of commerce that flows in and out of this free port by sea and air, there is a tremendous volume of less welcome "commerce" coming in by land—more than a million refugees in 10 years from Red China, just a few miles away.

Nearly half a million of these squatters have been rehoused in 16 multi-story resettlement estates. The other half-million are living in makeshift huts strung along for miles on the hills, in thousands of sampans which are permanently tied along the large bay, and all over downtown roof tops.

It is indeed a strange paradox—the glitter of endless blocks of beautiful shops—and the drab lot of thousands and thousands of hapless refugees.

But the officials of Hong Kong, who briefed our American Newspaper Study Group at Government House, seem to be doing an almost impossible job of accommodating them all—the refugees, tourists, merchants, factory owners and workers.

When the U.N. embargoed trade with China at the time of the Korean War, it became necessary for the intrepid Chinese in Hong Kong to develop their own industrial complex or lose much value of the port. Whereas 10 years ago

there was no such label as "Made in Hong Kong," today it is known throughout the world. In 1948 Hong Kong products sent aboard, for instance, were worth \$240 million. Ten years later they are worth \$2 billion more.

The stark choice facing Hong Kong was: Produce or perish, and producing it is.

Hong Kong is no longer merely a remote trading port. It is a community of stature, embracing more than three million people—up to 8,000 per square block in some dense sections. It stands on the main air and shipping routes of the world. It is an island of peace, order and with a rule of law whose free atmosphere has attracted men and women of enterprise from all over the world.

The maximum income tax rate here is only 12½ per cent, thus providing a tremendous incentive for the sharp, resourceful and determined Chinese people who make up 90 per cent of the population. Almost all of the three million strong live in Kowloon and Hong Kong areas, embracing about 30 square miles.

Traffic problems anytime of the day or night are equal to 5 p.m. traffic on Midwest main streets. But there is rarely any pushing or honking of horns. The Chinese are well-mannered and behaved.

The problems of space and water and refugees meet the Hong Kong officials head on every day. So they tear down another mountain and fill a valley; they build more housing and schools and hospitals to take care of the refugees.

Red China has no diplomatic or political ties here, we were assured by Hong Kong government leaders. But they do have commercial connections—and what more could the Chinese ask? They are the cagiest financiers of the entire Far East.

When we began to check out the banking houses in Burma and Thailand which looked suspiciously Chinese, our eyes were first opened to the tremendous control which Red China exerts over all big financial operations in the East.

The "Bank of China" here is controlled by Communist interest. More than that, Peking controls the day by day market of the pound sterling in this part of the world.

The one million refugees talk of starvation diets behind the bamboo curtain—an average of 1,700 calories per day compared to that of 3,400 in the U.S. Mismanagement, poor calculations and unfavored weather means less grain today

for China with 70 million more people than was harvested before 1958.

The Reds didn't apparently do much to stop the flow of refugees to Hong Kong. It means a million less mouths to feed in Canton province, and there was always the hope of smothering Hong Kong.

The indomitable spirit of the people of Hong Kong can't be smothered, however. The amazing tale of Hong Kong's problem of people on such a tight island is the story of the century.

The shopping is great, but that's only part of the story of the miracle city.

—THE END

## Air Force Captain Kills Man-Eating Tiger that Terrified Indian Town

From the Air Force Times

SPOKANE INT'L. ARPT., Wash.—An Air Force captain on leave has succeeded where many professional "white hunters" had failed—and for his heroism has received a letter of thanks from the Indian Government.

Capt. Toby Kirkpatrick, during leave from Ramstein AB, Germany last year, killed a man-eating tiger that had been terrorizing a village in central India, killing one villager and mangling another.

Kirkpatrick, who has been hunting since he was eight years old, almost lost his life helping the villagers. The big cat, which measured four feet high and over nine feet long with a 38-inch neck, was spotted lurking near a trail, watching a family traveling by in an oxcart.

At the signal "tiger" from the captain, the driver sent his jeep forward, but Kirkpatrick lost his balance and fell to the ground.

It was from that position that Kirkpatrick shot the charging tiger. Close examination of the cat showed why he had become a man eater. The tiger was gaunt from sickness, its throat was full of porcupine quills, and an old infected wound was found in its shoulder.

This kill marked the second in several days. Earlier, Kirkpatrick and his hunting party climaxed a month of tiger stalking by devising a special trap.

The 31-year-old native of Lafayette, La., staked a live bullock on the spot where the tiger had killed the night before. The plan worked and the tiger was killed as it charged the bait.

\* \* \*

INDIAN MEN and women showed their thanks with a ritual reserved by the villagers for one they deemed a tiger spirit.

Passing a wooden bowl decorated with a serpent shaped candle above the head and over the still bleeding carcass of the dead tiger, the women dipped into the bowl's contents and pressed a spot be-

tween the captain's eyes and then knelt and kissed his boot resting on the fender of the jeep.

The Indian government's letter of thanks came later.

His trophies from the Indian safari include the two tigers, a spotted panther, blue bull and Asiatic sambar antelope and several other species of antelope, wild boar and cheetah or spotted deer.

However, Kirkpatrick does not feel that killing the tiger provided his biggest thrill.

"I think it is more of a distinction to be one of the few Americans who has bagged the aurhahn of the German Alps than to shoot a tiger," said Kirkpatrick.

The rare black fowl, which resembles a turkey and lives in mountains, is hunted for about a week during the year in the mating season. Kirkpatrick explained that during the mating season the male aurhahn repeats a love call that leaves him deaf and sightless for about two seconds during the song, called a baltz.

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# Book REVIEWS

THE GREATER DARKNESS. By David Rubin. Farrar, Straus & Co., New York. March 1963. \$4.95.

Although the plot has to do with two love affairs, the main theme of this book is the teeming life of India. The author, a member of the faculty of Columbia University, presents a many-sided view of India, through the eyes of a household of people of various backgrounds in a large Indian city.

*POSSESSION.* By Kamala Markandaya. John Day Co., New York. April 1963. \$4.50.

This is the story of a young Indian artist who is taken over by a self-assured, rather brutal Englishwoman, taken to London, and introduced to the art world. Partly, but never entirely, corrupted by success and by three women, he reserves a refuge in his home village and in his religion. The contrast of two cultures is colorfully projected. This book is the author's first major novel.

55 DAYS AT PEKING. By Samuel Edwards. Bantam Books (Original), New York. April 1963. Paperback, 50c.

The novelization of the screen play for a major 1963 film set in China at the time of the Boxer Rebellion when hundreds of westerners were trapped in Peking, trying desperately to escape. The movie will star Ava Gardner, Charlton Heston and David Niven.

INDIA—A WORLD IN TRANSITION. By Beatrice Pitney Lamb. Frederick A. Praeger, Inc., New York. April 1963. \$6.95.

A comprehensive survey of India in its manifold dimensions. Illuminating the whole fabric of Indian life, the author covers pre-British and Imperial history and the religions, economy, government, foreign policy and social structure of the country.

LITERATURE AND ARTS IN TWENTIETH CENTURY CHINA. By A. C. Scott. Anchor Books (Doubleday), Garden City, N. Y. March 1963. Paperback, \$1.25.

Although the general reader may not be interested, this book contains a lot of solid information for the reader with an absorbing interest in China's recent history. Presents a picture of Chinese writing, theater, dance, movies, graphic and fine arts.

*ROGUE GENTLEMAN.* By Edison Marshall. Popular Library, New York. March 1963. Paperback, 60c.

A typical Marshall adventure yarn, which means lots of action, sex and other excitement. The original hardcover title was "The Bengal Tiger;" the setting is India at the time of the Sepoy rebellion.

*TAKE MY HANDS.* By Dorothy Clarke Wilson. McGraw-Hill Book Co., New York. April 1963. \$4.95.

The story of an extraordinary woman doctor, Dr. Mary Verghese, who dedicated herself to helping India's handicapped, despite handicaps of her own.

*HOW THE FAR EAST WAS LOST.* By Anthony Kubek. Henry Regnery Company, Chicago. April 1963. \$8.76.

A new interpretation of diplomatic, military and economic relations with Japan and Nationalist China, supported by citations from private papers of Generals Hurley and Stilwell.



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## Ex-CBI Roundup

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MILITARY cemetery near Ledo, Assam. Photo by Furman H. Tyner, M.D.

**Served in All Three**

• The magazine is really much more enjoyed than the actual theatre was. Served in all three—China, Burma and India.

JOHN E. CHARLES,  
Middleburg, Pa.

**Reunion of 803rd**

• The 803rd Medical Air Evacuation Squadron is planning a reunion this summer. If any members haven't received their notices, please write Mrs. J. B. McDonald, R.N., Rt. 1, Box 233, Rosenberg, Tex. Having spent 15 months in CBI as chief nurse of 803rd (Audrey Rogers, R.N.), I enjoy reading the Roundup.

MRS. J. B. McDONALD,  
Rosenberg, Tex.

**1345th Base Unit**

• Am most happy to renew my subscription to your wonderful magazine, Ex-CBI Roundup, which I never knew existed until last year. Since then I have enjoyed every issue and would like to know if there are any back issues available that have covered my old outfit. During 1944 and 1945 I was with the 1345th AAF Base Unit, stationed at Tezgaon and Kurmitola near Dacca, India. Flew the C109 and C54 over the Hump as an aerial engineer until the war ended.

ROBERT J. SEITZ,  
Williamsville, N. Y.



CHINESE guard at ATC Hostel 3, at Kunming, China. Photo by Sidney R. Rose.

**Reunion Planned**

• May I use your wonderful magazine in trying to contact some of our buddies of the 4th and 48th Evacuation Hospital. We are holding a reunion of the 4th and 48th in New York or surrounding area the weekend of July 27 and 28. Those interested please contact Owen D. Sheehan, 1112 Lakeview Terrace, Plainfield, N. J. Buddies in Louisville, Ky., please notice. I've been a subscriber of Ex-CBI Roundup since its birth.

ANDREW BAYUZICK,  
West Homestead, Pa.

## Commander's

### Message

by

**Eugene R. Brauer**

National Commander  
China-Burma-India  
Veterans Assn.



will be a reunion souvenir. You can sponsor a booster ad for a buck.

If you are not currently a member in good standing we invite your reunion inquiries. Direct them to CBIVA, P.O. Box 1848, Milwaukee 1, Wis.

\* \* \*

As May fades into June, my term in office gradually draws to a conclusion. It had been my fondest hope to have each CBIVA member come through with a new CBIVA member during the year. We have not as yet fulfilled that pledge but there certainly remains time to do just that.

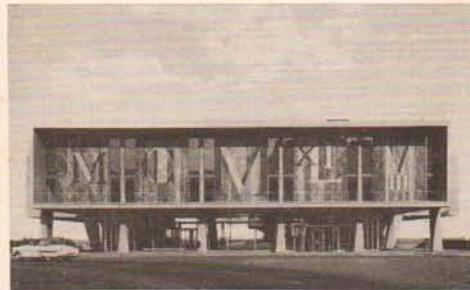
Your cooperation with the Dr. Gordon Seagrove Foundation Fund has been encouraging and we continue to solicit your contributions. Our youth organization has been erected upon a solid foundation and we anticipate an even greater interest and participation in years ahead.

\* \* \*

Our condolences to the Delaware Valley Basha upon the death of Eddie Greenbaum. Those among us who knew Ed, are aware that his loss to the Philadelphia organization really means . . . Our congratulations to Snookie Adams of Jefferson, Wis. upon her election as an alderman of that major metropolis . . . Bon Voyage to the Carlsons, Muriel and John; Mary Tessari, all of Chicago and Snookie Adams on their forthcoming trip to Europe. We'll hear much of their experiences at the 1963 reunion . . . Mae Bissell, our junior vice commander, has penned us a few notes from Hong Kong where she is enjoying a most fabulous vacation . . . In my next message I will be able to talk of the big Ohio State convention at Dayton at which time we shall formally baptize Dayton as a member of the CBIVA basha family . . . I was unable to attend the big Iowa fest at Marshalltown in April, but I'm sure I shall see most of them in Milwaukee in person come reunion date.

See you all next month!

GENE BRAUER  
National Commander



BEAUTIFUL MOSAIC frontage shows the front of the War Memorial Center on the shores of Lake Michigan at Milwaukee.



REPRESENTATIVES of the 835th Signal Battalion and the 3371st Signal Photo Service Company receive the Meritorious Service Unit Plaque at New Delhi, India, from Major General Thomas A. Terry, USF-IBT Theater Commander. Left to right—T/5 Marvin N. Bolz, Mission, Texas; T/4 Robert S. Bezarl, Chicago, Ill.; PFC. Thomas E. Cosgrove, Des Moines, Iowa; S/Sgt. Robert S. Stark, Rochester, N. Y.; 1st Sgt. Franklin D. Fielding, Provost, Utah; and T/3 Randall T. Giese, Chicago, Ill. Signal Corps photo from John O. Aalberg.

**Combat Headquarters**

• Was lieutenant colonel, Medical Corps, with Combat Headquarters under General Boatner during most of my tour of duty. Also, I was with 38th Chinese Division as medical liaison and with General Brown's 1st Provisional Tank Group.

CHARLES E. MASON, M.D., San Gabriel, Calif.

**Texas First Campers**

• One of the very finest publications I know of . . . many, many thanks for your fine work! Next month we Texas First Campers hold our 47th Roll Call here in Dallas—this has been "my baby" for some 46 years.

MACK McGINLEY,  
Dallas, Texas

Reader J. M. Mack McGinley is the man who has kept together the "Texas First Camp Men," those who

attended the First Officers Training Camp at Old Camp Funston, Leon Springs, Tex., May 8 to Aug. 15, 1917.—  
Eds.

**USS Monticello**

• Cannot afford to miss a single copy . . . I have every one since the first issue. A very fine magazine for all former CBIers. By the way, I have never seen a picture of the old USS Monticello which took a great gang to CBI in early 1943. I was with Colonel Mullet, Co. H. I. was dispatcher from time we organized in U.S. After a while in India I was on DS with 190th Ordnance Company; issued Chinese and American vehicles.

HARRY F. COOK,  
Pampa, Texas

**Link With CBI**

• Certainly appreciate this "link" with the old CBI days because this little magazine keeps the memories from fading. The old Australian ship, Duntrroon, brought our signal outfit to Karachi on March 12, 1942, and after a couple weeks spent there we went to Delhi, where I remained until June 1944. I continue to look for news about "Radio City," New Delhi, or letters from the "Signal Wallahs" stationed there.

JOHN E. SEIFERT,  
De Witt, Iowa



THREE methods of transportation are shown in this picture as men of the 472nd QM (Trk) Battalion unload freight from a train at the edge of the Chabua airfield. U.S. Army Signal Corps photo from Carl R. DeCesare.

# AGARBATTI

You guys and gals stationed on the India side of The Hump may not remember the word "Agarbatti," but you may recall the odor!

AGARBATTI is that **highly perfumed** incense that comes in long sticks, in a variety of romantic scents. While incense is common in the United States, agarbatti is not. Feeling that CBI-ers would like to try various scents of this low-priced item, we have imported a quantity which is available for immediate shipment.

We will ship POSTPAID

1 Carton LATA KUMARI  
1 Carton RANGILI DURBAR  
1 Metal Tube GREAT HIMALAYA  
1 Metal Tube RANGILI MOUJ  
1 Metal Tube PINK ROSES  
1 Metal Tube NINE FLOWERS

All for Only

**\$300**  
POSTPAID

In this package are over 150 long sticks of Agarbatti, enough to perfume your house for at least a year! You'll find the odors exotic, as will your friends. Order yours today!

ELEPHANT BEANS! Closing out the remainder of our stock of beans containing **25** ivory elephants. These good luck charms are a \$1.25 each value. While they last, 3 for just \$2.00 postpaid!!



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